

Shot from the Sky

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-04-21 03:07:52

Updated: 2005-04-21 03:07:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:56:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,435

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Longsword pilot Will Allen is shot down and captured by the Covenant during the early days of the HumanCovenant War

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Disclaimer: Don't own Halo

> : Don't own Kelly's Heroes
Note: I can't make up names. It's why I suck at fiction, I can't decide what to name the characters. Thus, most the names are from the movie "Kelly's Heroes," one of the greatest war movies ever made.

Shot from the Sky

2nd Lieutenant Will "Trigger-happy" Allen of the UNSC 96th Longsword Squadron sighed as news of another loss against the alien Covenant came in.

'The aliens are just too advanced.' he thought. 'What the hell can we do?' He was in the prep room amongst his squad-mates in a destroyer named _The Green Beret_, in orbit above Braxis. The _Green Beret_ had been assigned to defend Braxis along with 30 or so other ships. The Covenant had wiped out nearby Artanis and was headed for Braxis in their genocidal war against humanity. Currently, they were all bored, playing cards or checkers, just waiting to be called for roll, drills, battle, cleaning duty, anything. His close friend Warren Bauder stood by cleaning his M6C pistol. His brother Roy Allen was gambling. He had just won \$1500, causing Will to snort. A year ago, Roy had won \$300 then broke his leg in a drill the next day. If he had just won \$1500 today, he better hope that there wasn't going to be a battle tomorrow.

Suddenly, the alarms surrounded, and Will, Warren, and Roy sprinted to their ships with the other men amidst yells of joy. Finally, some action! He jumped aboard his Longsword fighter and immediately warmed the engines. The voice of the captain came on, "All combat personnel to their assigned battle stations. I need the 96th and the 105th

Longsword divisions to get down on Braxis and give the marines there some assistance. All non-combat personnel to deck B-17."

Then, the voice of the squad leader Corporal Sutherland came through the ship's speaker. "96th Longsword Squadron, you know our job. Get down there, give 'em air support. Kill some Seraphs, drop ordinance where they need it, take a few gun runs, but don't get shot. By the way, word is that they rarely take prisoners, and when they do, it's only so they can torture them on TV for us, so watch yourselves." Will knew what he meant. He had done some research on the Covenant Seraphs and knew all the UNSC had to know on them this early in the war, which was that they're better than the Longswords.

Another voice piped up, it was that of newly joined Private Gutkowski. "Sir, what's a gun run?"

"You fly in low and hit 'em with every weapon you've got, full auto. Basically, blow up as much crap as you can." Will answered.

"Hooray! My most favorite pastime of all!" Gutkowski answered in an annoyingly high, squeaky, baby voice. Then, the launch doors opened, silencing everyone. They fired up the twin engines and blasted into space, heading for the planet. Will took a look behind him and saw that the Covenant carriers had arrived and had launched a wave of Seraph fighters to follow them.

"Evasive maneuvers everyone!" he yelled. He immediately swerved to the side to avoid a blast of incoming plasma.

"I need those Longswords down there now!" came a call from _The Green Beret._

"Okay, break formation and split off. Dammit, we're supposed to arm and get down there to give fire support, not fight off Seraphs. That's the 105th's job. They're supposed to be doing their job and covering us, and I can tell, you, they're not covering us!" Sutherland yelled.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Gutkowski yelled as his ship was hit and exploded. Almost as if it was a signal, plasma started washing down on them. Will saw Warren's ship take a hit and held his breath, but the bird held and Warren continued down onto the surface.

"Curses! Crapgame you idiot, where the hell are you where the hell is the 105th?" Sutherland screamed in anger.

"Don't wet yourself kid, the cavalry's here." A voice replied. It was Crapgame, leader of the 105th with a retarded name. His Longswords fell in behind the Seraphs and opened fire with their 110 mm. cannons and ASGM-10 missiles.

"You're late, idiot. This is what happens when you play with those broads! Alright, 96th, you know the plan. Good luck" They had reached the planet and the first sight that greeted them was the firing of a dozen plasma cannons packed on a hill at them.

"I'm on it," Warren said, "I've got a Shiva on me." He was referring to a Shiva nuclear warhead tipped missile that he preferred to carry around. He dropped down and unloaded the warhead on the cannons, obliterating them. "Muahahahahaahaaaa!" Warren had perfected an

authentic evil laugh and he loved to show it off.

"You the 96th?" a new voice crackled over the com.

"Yeah, who are you?" Roy replied.

"I'm your mom as far as you're concerned. Me and my platoon of marines are about to be overrun.. Coordinates, 54 by 17. We need extraction and ordinance, double time!"

"On it! Will, Warren, let's go save some marines."

"Roger that" Will yelled and the 3 fighters veered north. He immediately caught sight of a large full-scale charge by the Covenant. Up ahead, he could see a trench where the marines were. He immediately primed his machine guns and missiles and began firing down onto the thousands of Covenant troops below him.

"You really are trigger-happy, Will!" Roy laughed as he landed behind the trench and opened the hatch, allowing the marines to pile onboard. When they were safely aboard, Warren unleashed another Shiva on the horde. As Roy headed off to drop off the marines at the base camp, Will and Warren began following up on more requests for ordinance.

"Business is good today!" Will laughed. After 5 hours or so, the battle was won, thanks to the 96th Longswords expending all their ammo. As they all celebrated the victory of the skirmish, they were cut short by the roar of Covenant engines. Much too their horror, the Covenant had sent in reinforcements in the form of thousands of grunts, Jackals, Elites, and several dozen Hunters. They immediately set upon the exhausted marines. Then, four of the hunters aimed their fuel rod cannons up at Warren and fired, blowing up the Longsword, killing Warren.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO! WARREN! Roy yelled but he was cut short as he was killed as well by the other hunters.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Will screamed. "That's it! You're dead, you alien can of worms!" Will brought his Longsword in a tight dive toward the hunters and increased speed to maximum. When he was 15 meters away, he ejected, and left the Longsword to carry out its kamikaze mission against the hunters. BOOOOOOOOOM! "Haha! That's right you mothers! Take that you crappy aliens! Oh, if only your mother could see you now, all dead and in pieces 'cause that's what you get for shooting green crap at me and my friends! You do not shoot that green crap at me and my friends!"

"Human dog! You are no warrior!"

"Eh?" Will turned and saw that he was surrounded by golden Elites. He drew his pistol, and aimed. Then, the Elites brandished their energy swords. "Oh crap."

"Stand down. We will not harm you if you come quietly."

"The hell you will. You don't take your prisoners." Will was left standing in confusion as the Elites talked in their native language. Then, one of them replied.

"Step away from the holy light and you may be spared."

"Eh, what? Holy light? Oh, you mean this thing?" By absolute pure coincidence, Will had landed next to an artifact. He held it up and pointed his pistol at it. "One move and I blow your holy light to hell." As Will held his pistol ready, he was suddenly hit from behind by a camouflaged SpecOps Elite, knocking him out instantly.

End
file.